

DIPPED IN BOILING OIL.

A young man in Ceylon to Detect a Culprit from Several Suspects.

Recently the district judge at Kalmara, Ceylon, had before him three persons, including a village headman, charged with causing grievous hurt to four others by requiring them to plunge their right hands into a caldron of boiling oil. The medical evidence described the hands as being in "a sudden, suppurating condition," the fingers being in some cases deformed. In all cases the injured persons were unable to follow their ordinary avocations for about a month.

The facts of the case, as stated in the judgment, were these: A woman in the village had some plumage and rice stolen from her; a headman made inquiry, and failing to obtain a clue to the thief announced that it would be necessary on the third day to hold an ordeal by boiling oil. This appears to be a not uncommon custom in remote parts of the country, and the proceedings are as follows: Some oil from newly gathered rice cocoanuts is manufactured by one of the friends of the complainant. This is poured into a caldron and heated to a boiling point. Each of the suspected parties is supposed to dip his hand into the vessel of boiling oil and is at liberty to sprinkle as much of the hot oil as he brings up with his fingers on the person of the complainant, who stands close at hand. An exclamation of pain on the part of the suspected person is construed into an admission of guilt. If no such exclamation is made the innocence of the party is supposed to be established.

In the present case the evidence established that the pressure on the accused was not merely moral, that they were forced to dip their hands into the burning oil. No process seems to have been used in bringing them to the scene of the ordeal. They collected there in response to the orders of the headman, who, seated on a platform opposite the vessel of oil, appears to have acted as the presiding judge. Each of the complainants deposed to the fact that he was reluctant to submit to the ordeal, but was forcibly dragged up to the caldron by the other two accused and his hands plunged into the boiling oil. They had sufficient oil to splash on the caldron, except a boy of 17, who cried out lustily and was thereupon pronounced the guilty one. The judge took the fact that it was a custom into account, but refused to dismiss the prisoners with a warning, as suggested by their counsel. He fined them 100 rupees each, with the alternative of rigorous imprisonment for ten months.

Cure for Laziness.

During a morning walk a merchant, who was detained by business in Amsterdam, came to a group of men who were standing round a well, into which a strongly built man had just been let, down says a London Times.

A pipe, whose mouth was at the top of the well, had been opened, and a stream of water from it was flowing down into the well and beginning gradually to fill it. The fellow below had evidently to do, if he did not want to be drowned, to keep the water out by means of a pump which was at the bottom of the well. The merchant, pitying the man, asked for an explanation of what seemed a heartless, cruel joke.

"Why?" replied an old man standing near, "that man is healthy and strong. I have myself offered him work twenty times, nevertheless he always allows laziness to get the better of him, and will make any excuse to beg his bread from door to door, though he might earn it himself by working it himself. We are now trying to make him feel that he can work. If he uses the strength which is in his arms he will be saved; if he lets them hang idle he will be drowned. But look," continued the old Dutchman, as he went to the edge of the well, "the fellow finds out that he has got muscles in an hour we shall let him out with better resolutions for the future." Such was the case, and the cure was effectual.—Somerville Journal.

How the London Thieves Steal.

It is hard upon people who are in a genuine search for lodgings that they should be subjected to suspicion. In the houses they visit, but the thief or thieves who happy hunting ground is any place where he sees "specimens" to be "taken" is again so active that the police are obliged to wear handcuffs and handclaws to receive all visitors with caution. The lodging-house thief has one peculiarity. He never pretends to be left alone in a room and then secures his pocketable booty.

Woe that the police are also deeply interested in another class of thief who hovers about the doors of banks. If an innocent-looking messenger of tender years comes out with money the thief biers down upon the unsuspecting child and surprises him or her into a surrender of the cash by a bold statement. These thieves have been made, that the check has to be delivered, or something of that sort. We should have thought this a particularly hazardous enterprise for the thief in these days of sharp children, and it ought not to be long before the police make a capture.—London News.

Expensive Horses and Carriages.

On a bright day 20,000 carriages whirled through Central park. They cost from \$200 to \$2,000 each. Few cost less than \$1,000; many cost \$1,500 and \$1,800. They may be averaged at \$1,200. That is \$24,000,000 spinning about Central park on wheels, rolling under green boughs with a footman on the box and pride on the back seat.

Fifteen million dollars prance and caracole in front of the carriage.

Twenty thousand teams of horses lightly draw the \$20,000,000 on wheels. Ten thousand of these teams cost on an average \$1,000 each. The remaining 10,000 may be averaged at \$200. That is \$2,000,000 in harness accompanying before \$20,000,000 on wheels.—New York Journal.

Duplicity.

Husband (after a week's absence)—Say I'm no fisherman after that! Forty lovely trout. Gaze at them!

Wife (sweetly)—So, glad, dear. Where did you buy them?

Wife—Say that lovely lot of jelly! Aren't you proud of your little wife's adoration?

Husband—Well—rather. By the way, there is one glass you forgot to wear the label when you bought the lot. Don't cry, dear. I shall mention jelly if you keep quiet on that.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Old Story.

It was, probably, the fondness of the late A. Bronson Alcott for that summer home of his that gave rise to the amusing fiction that, upon one occasion, while seeking to repair that structure, he nailed himself up within it. I call this story a fiction, although it is possible that the philosopher might have committed so amusing a folly. But the story was told originally of old Mr. Parr, of whom it was said that, seeking to board up his wine cellar with a view to keeping out the bibulous servants, he boarded up himself within—Chicago News.

Almost Minded Isaac Newton.

It was the famous Sir Isaac Newton who seems to have been the most abstracted and impractical of men. It was he who cut a large hole in his study door in order that his favorite cat might go and come as she pleased; at the same time he cut a smaller hole for the kitten. It was Newton, too, who finding himself too warm upon one occasion rang the bell for the servant and ordered him to remove the fire—Chicago News.

A COMPARISON.

Ed might lay out here among the trees, with the singing birds and the hum of bees. Knowing that I can do as I please. Then to live what folk call a life of ease.

For I truly don't "sincerely understand" what the comfort is for any man. In waking 'hot bricks an' such a fan, an' enjoyin' himself as he may be can.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say, Adrie, out here day after day. In this kinder easy, careless way; but a hour out here is better'n a day up there in the city.

As for that, 'bout look at the flowers around 'em. A-peepin' their heads up all over the ground. An' the fruit-a-bendin' the trees 'way down. You don't find such things as these in town, or rather in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these, The flowers, the birds, the bees, 'An' a life out here among the trees, Where you can take your ease as do you please, Makes it better'n the city.

Now, an' he don't 'mount to saunt 'Bout this kinder life-a-bella' rough, An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough, An' 'twere you an' me, 'twere half as tough As livin' in the city.

A LOVE'S LIKENESS.

Next to a requited attachment one of the most convenient things that a young man can carry about with him at the beginning of his career is an unrequited attachment. It makes him feel important, and business like, and brave, and cynical, and whenever he has a touch of liver complaint, or suffers from want of exercise, he can mourn over his lost love and be very happy in a tender, twilight fashion.

Hannasde's affair of the heart had been a subject to him. It was four years old, and the girl had long since given up thinking of it. She had married and had many cares of her own. In the beginning she had told Hannasde that, "while she could never be anything more than a sister to him, she would always take the deepest interest in his welfare." This startling new and original remark gave Hannasde something to think over for two years, and his own vanity filled in the other twenty-four months. Hannasde was quite different from Phil Garrison, but, none the less, had several points in common with that far too lucky man.

He kept his unrequited attachment by him as men keep a well smoked pipe—for comfort's sake, and because it had grown dear in the using. It brought him happily through the Simla season. Hannasde was not lonely. There was a crutty in his manners and a roughness in the way in which he helped a lady on to her horse, even if he did not care for their favor, which he did not. He kept his wounded heart all to himself for awhile.

Then trouble came to him. All who go to Simla know the slope from the telegraph to the public works office. Hannasde was looting up the hill one September morning between calling hours when a "rickshaw" came down in a hurry, and in the "rickshaw" came a young woman, breathing in the face of the girl who had made him so happily unhappy. Hannasde leaned against the railings and gazed. He wanted to run down hill after the "rickshaw," but that was impossible; so he went forward with most of his blood in his temples.

It was impossible, for many reasons, that the woman in the "rickshaw" could be the girl he had known. She was, he discovered later, the wife of a man from Dindigul, or Coimbatore, or some out-of-the-way place, and she had come up to Simla early in the season for the good of her health. She was going back to Dindigul, or wherever it was, at the end of the season, and in all likelihood would never return to Simla again, her proper home station being Ootacamund. That night Hannasde, raving and save from the taking up of all old feelings, took counsel with himself for one measured hour. What he decided upon was this, and you must decide for yourself how much genuine affection for the old love, and how much a very natural inclination to go abroad and enjoy himself abroad, the decision. Mrs. Landys-Haggert never in all human likelihood crossed his path again. So whatever he did didn't much matter. She was marvelously like the girl who "took a deep interest" and the rest of the formula. All things considered, it would be pleasant to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Landys-Haggert, and for a little time—only a very little time—to make believe that he was with Alice Chisane again. Every one is more or less mad on one point. Hannasde's particular monomania was his old love, Alice Chisane.

He made it his business to get introduced to Mrs. Haggert, and the introduction prospered. He also made it his business to see as much of her as he could of that lady. When a man is in earnest as to interviews the facilities which Simla offers are startling. There are garden parties and tennis parties and picnics and luncheons at Annandale, and rifle matches and dinners and balls; besides rides and walks, which are matters of private arrangement. Hannasde had started with the intention of seeing a likeness, and he ended by doing much more.

He wanted to be deceived, he meant to be deceived, and he deceived himself very thoroughly. No only was the face and figure of Alice Chisane, but the voice and manner tones were exactly the same, and he ended by doing much more. The little mannerisms that every woman has of gait and gesticulation were absolutely and identically the same.

The turn of the head was the same; the tired look in the eyes at the end of a long walk was the same; the stoop and the hunch over the saddle to hold in a pulling horse was the same; and once, most marvelous of all, Mrs. Landys-Haggert singing to herself in the next room, while Hannasde was waiting to take her for a ride, humming a note with a note with a throaty quiver of the voice in the second line, "Four Wandering Ones" exactly as Alice Chisane had hummed it for Hannasde in the dusk of an English drawing room. In the actual woman herself—in the soul of her—there was not the least likeness, she and Alice Chisane being cast in different molds. But all that Hannasde wanted to know and see and think about was this maddening and perplexing likeness of face and voice and manner. He was bent on making a fool of himself that way, and he was in no sort disappointed.

Open and obvious devotion from any sort of man is always pleasant to any sort of woman; but Mrs. Landys-Haggert, being a woman of the world, could make nothing of Hannasde's admiration.

He would take any amount of trouble—he was a selfish man, habitually—to meet and forestall, if possible, her wishes. Any thing she told him to do was law; and he was, there could be no doubting it, fond of her company so long as she talked to him, and kept on talking about trivialities. But when she launched into expression of her personal views and her wrongs, those selfish differences that make the spice of Simla life, Hannasde was neither pleased nor interested. He didn't want to know anything about Mrs. Landys-Haggert or her experiences. In the past—she had traveled nearly all over the world and could talk cleverly—he wanted the likeness of Alice Chisane before his eyes and her voice in his ears. Anything outside that reminding him of another personality jarred, and he showed that it did.

Under the same position one evening Mrs. Landys-Haggert turned on him and spoke her mind shortly and without warning. "Mr. Hannasde," said she, "will you be good enough to explain why you have appointed yourself my special carter servant? I don't understand it. But

I am perfectly certain somehow or other that you don't care the least little bit in the world for me." This seemed to support, by the way, the theory that no man can act or tell, lie or tell the truth, without being found out. Hannasde was taken off his guard. His defense never was a strong one, because he was always thinking of himself, and he blurted out before he knew what he was saying this inexpedient answer: "No more I do." The question of the situation and the reply made Mrs. Landys-Haggert laugh. Then it all came out, and at the end of Hannasde's lucid explanation Mrs. Haggert said, with the least touch of scorn in her voice: "So I'm to act as the lay figure for you to hang the rags of your tattered affections on, am I?"

Hannasde didn't see what answer was required, and he devoted himself generally and vaguely to the praise of Alice Chisane, which was unsatisfactory. Now it is to be thoroughly made clear that Mrs. Haggert had not the shadow of a glimpse of an interest in Hannasde. Only—only no woman likes being made love through instead of to—specially on behalf of a musty divinity of four years' standing.

Hannasde did not see that he had made any very particular child of himself. He was glad to find a sympathetic soul in the arid wastes of Simla.

When the season ended Hannasde went down to his own place and Mrs. Haggert went home. It was like making love to a ghost, said Hannasde to himself, and it doesn't matter; now I'll get to my work." But he found himself thinking steadily of the Haggert-Chisane ghost, and he could not be certain whether it was Haggert or Chisane that made up the greater part of the pretty phantom.

He got understanding a month later. A peculiar point of this peculiar country is the way in which a heartless government transfers men from one end of the empire to the other. You can never be sure of getting rid of a friend or an enemy till he or she dies. This was a case once—but that's another story.

Haggert's department ordered him up from Dindigul to the frontier at two days' notice, and he went through, losing money at every step. He dropped Mrs. Haggert at Lucknow, to stay with some friends there to wait for a month at the Chatter Muzil, and to come on when he had made the new home a little comfortable. Lucknow was Hannasde's station, and Mrs. Haggert stayed a week there. And Hannasde went to meet her. And the train case in, he discovered, which he had been thinking of for the past month. The wisdom of his conduct also struck him. The Lucknow week, with two dances and an unlimited quantity of rides together, clinched matters; and Hannasde found himself pining this circle of thought. He adored Alice Chisane—at least he had adored her. And he admired Mrs. Landys-Haggert because she was like Alice Chisane. But Mrs. Landys-Haggert, being in the least like Alice Chisane, being a thousand times more adorable. Now Alice Chisane was "the bride of another," and so was Mrs. Landys-Haggert, and a good honest wife too. Therefore he, Hannasde, was—. Here he called himself several hard names, and wished that he had been wise in the beginning.

Whether Mrs. Landys-Haggert saw what was going on in his mind she does not know. He seemed to take an unqualified interest in everything connected with herself as distinguished from the Alice Chisane likeness, and he said one or two things which, if Alice Chisane had been there, he would have understood to have been excused, even on the grounds of the likeness. But Mrs. Haggert turned the remarks aside and spent a long time in making Hannasde see what a comfort and a pleasure she had been to him because of her strange resemblance to his old love. Hannasde groined in his saddle and said, "Yes, indeed," and bused himself with preparations for her departure to the frontier, feeling very small and miserable.

The last day of her stay at Lucknow came, and Hannasde saw her off at the railway station. She was very grateful for his kindness and the trouble he had taken, and pleasantly and sympathetically as one who knew the Alice Chisane reason of that kindness. And Hannasde abused the coolies and the porters, and hustled the people on the platform, and prayed that the roof might fall in and slay him.

As the train went out slowly Mrs. Landys-Haggert leaned out of the window to say good-by. "Oh, second thought a reviewer, Mr. Hannasde, I go home in the spring, and perhaps I may meet you in town."

Hannasde shook hands, and said very earnestly and adoringly, "I hope to heaven I shall never see your face again."

And Mrs. Haggert understood.—Rudyard Kipling.

An Electric Torch.

If the report from England be correct the Sanderson are lamp possesses some very valuable properties. The principle on which the invention is based is that of re-inforcing the luminous particles of incandescent carbon in the electric arc by a supply of hydrocarbon vapor. This is fed directly into the arc from the hollow lower carbon, fitted with a reservoir of oil and a wick. The effect of the added volume of vapor is said to be an enormous increase in the luminosity of the arc, economically a most brilliant and economical light. The hydrocarbon employed is very cheap and the hollow carbon entails a very slight extra expense; but the efficiency of the arc in wicks per candle is said to be nearly doubled. The color of the arc is changed by the enriching medium to a clear yellowish white, quite different from the usual bluish glare. The invention is certainly very ingenious, and if the results are uniformly as good as those found by Dr. Houskison, who conducted the tests quoted, we may expect to have long to suffer the electric torch in general use.—New York Telegram.

A Flucky Dentist.

The state board of health of Illinois refused to grant Dentist Brinkbehn a certificate because he proposed to advertise his profession. He applied for a certificate to oblige them to show cause, and when they couldn't show it, they handed him a certificate and \$1,000 in cash and hoped he be good enough not to say any more about it.—Detroit Free Press.

LOVE'S ROSES.

In a meadow gay and flowered,
On a balmy summer's day,
Walked a maid by nature dowered
With more charms than tongue can say.
As her arms with flowers she laden,
Gay and childish, she was laden,
And her charming face was shaded
By her curls of chestnut hair.

In that meadow, over the daisies,
Wandered then, instead of now,
And a handsome stranger gazed
At the sweet maid he has won.
Three as happy as the maiden
As when with the flowers she played;
All her heart with love was laden,
For the girl she had made.

Still that meadow; but the roses
From the maiden's cheeks have gone;
No more gathers she sweet posies,
But she wanders there alone.
'Neath her feet a daisy token
Smiles, though crushed by feet of men;
But the sweet maid's heart is broken—
She can never love again.

—Chambers's Journal.

St. Petersburg is the only capital of Europe in which the population is steadily diminishing. During the last seven years the inhabitants of that city have decreased by 85,000.

Catarrh

Is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, to my surprise, I found it cured my catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Corder & Warder,
Builders and Contractors,
Shop in rear of Zoder & Oakley's
paint shop, on Third street, opposite
court-house. Do all kinds of
Carpenter Work at Reasonable Prices.
Solicit the patronage of the public.
CORDER & WARDER.
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ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE?
Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and it is the best remedy for all ailments arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and \$1.00.

Agents Wanted to sell Parker's
Ginger Tonic. Sample line sent by
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arising from defective nutrition. Take in time.
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COUNTRY PRODUCE.
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Butter, medium 10 @ 12
Cheese 12 @ 15
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Feathers, prime 40 @ 50
Feathers, low grades 15 @ 18
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Suet, per gal 15 @ 18
Honey 15 @ 18
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Rough Wool 10 @ 12
Dry Hides 8 @ 11
Green Hides 4 @ 5

DRIED FRUITS.
Apples 5 @ 5
Peaches, peeled 10 @ 12
Peaches, unpeeled 10 @ 12

FIELD SEED.
Sapling Clover 40 @ 42
Red Clover 30 @ 32
Timothy 30 @ 32
Orchard Grass 30 @ 32
Red Top 45 @ 48
Blue Grass 40 @ 42
White Seed Oats 40 @ 42
Black Seed Oats 35 @ 38

HAY AND FEED.
Bran, per 100 70 @ 72
Wheat 40 @ 42
Timothy Hay, per hundred 60 @ 62
Clover Hay, per hundred 60 @ 62
Mixed Hay, per hundred 60 @ 62

POULTRY.
Chickens, life per doz 20 @ 22
Chickens, dressed per lb 8 @ 10
Ducks 8 @ 10
Geese 8 @ 10
Turkeys 8 @ 10

WHEAT.
No 2 40 @ 42
No 3 38 @ 40

WEBSTER'S
UNABRIDGED
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